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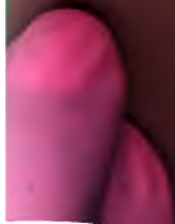
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RAE TENNYSONIANAE.



HORAE TENNYSONIANAE.



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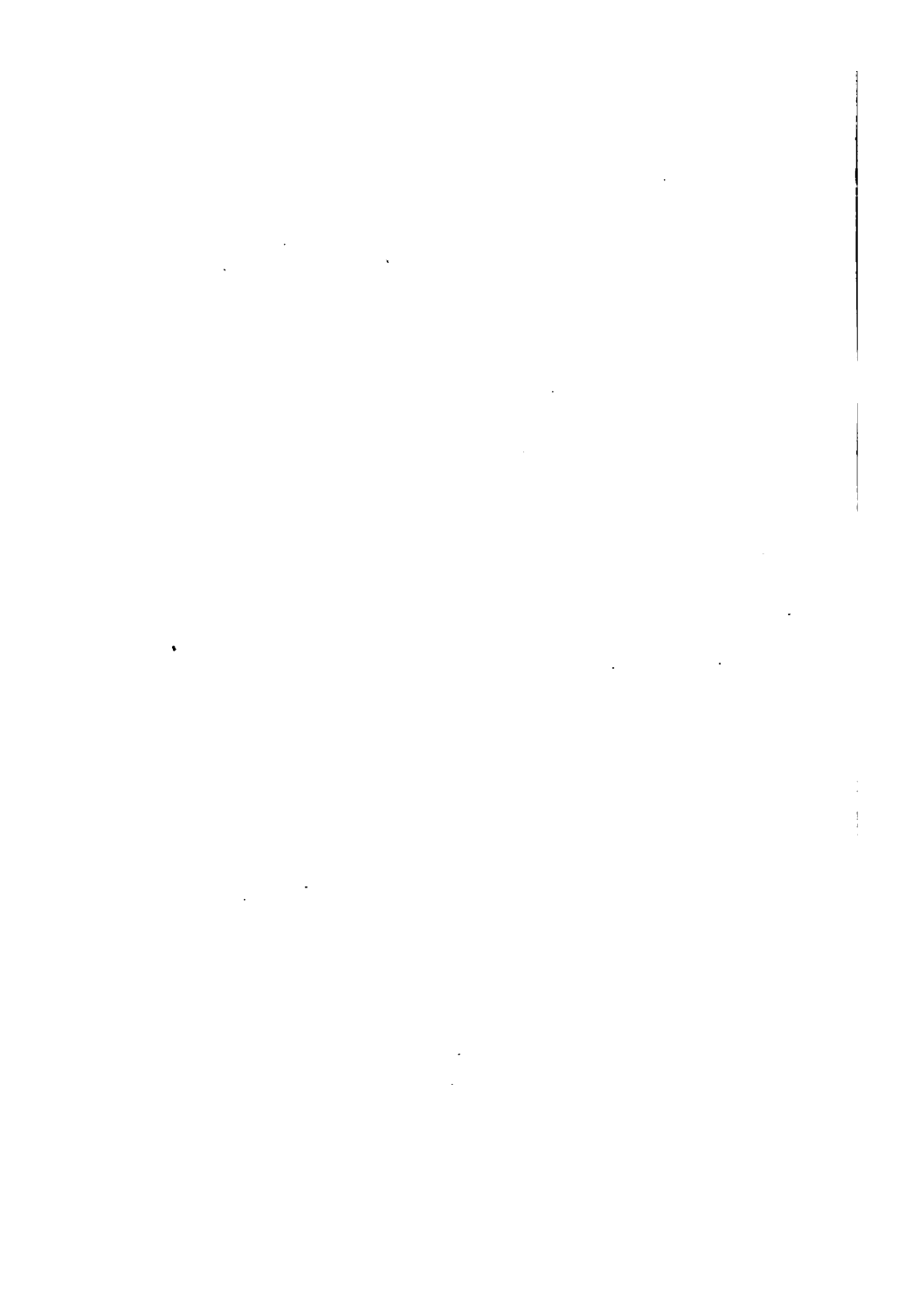
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A. J. C.

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## CORRIGENDA.

- Pagin. 27, lin. 2, pro "poene" lege "paene."  
33, „ 1, pro "suam" lege "suum."  
59, „ 1, pro "decus" lege "decor."  
73, „ 5, pro "hos" lege "hoc."  
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103, „ 9, pro "ista" lege "isti."

HORAE TENNYSONIANAE.

I

## TO THE QUEEN.

REVERED, beloved—O you that hold  
A nobler office upon earth  
Than arms, or power of brain, or birth  
Could give the warrior kings of old,

Victoria,—since your Royal grace  
To one of less desert allows  
This laurel greener from the brows  
Of him that utter'd nothing base ;

And should your greatness, and the care  
That yokes with empire, yield you time  
To make demand of modern rhyme  
If aught of ancient worth be there ;

## I.

## AD REGINAM.

O CARA nobis et venerabilis  
Regina, quae jam munere fungeris  
    Majore terrarum per orbem,  
    Quam dabat aut animi sagacis  
  
Vis bellicosus regibus, aut genus,  
Aut arma quondam, quae mihi lauream  
    Concedis indigno gerendam,  
    Jam melius solito virentem,  
  
Gestarit ut quam turpia nescius  
Dixisse vates; si tua dignitas  
    Curaeque consortes potentum  
    Forte dabunt spatium rogandi  
  
An quid vetusti carminibus novis  
Insit decoris, nunc ubi dulcium  
    Concentus auditur sonorum,  
    Turdus ubi cecinisse gaudet

Then—while a sweeter music wakes,  
And thro' wild March the throstle calls,  
Where all about your palace-walls  
The sun-lit almond-blossom shakes—

Take, Madam, this poor book of song;  
For tho' the faults were thick as dust  
In vacant chambers, I could trust  
Your kindness. May you rule us long,

And leave us rulers of your blood  
As noble till the latest day!  
May children of our children say,  
'She wrought her people lasting good ;

Per rauca saevi flamina Martii, et  
Circum palati moenia amygdalus  
Quassat coruscantes apricis  
Sub radiis tremefacta flores,

Haec parva, Princeps, accipe carmina,  
Quae foeda multis sint maculis licet,  
Deserta ceu sordent domorum,  
At tibi crediderim libenter,

Benigna. Cives ipsa regas diu,  
Et stirpe natam progeniem tua  
Quae praesit haud impar in annos  
Perpetuos populo relinquas.

Dicant nepotes: Illa perennium  
Auctor bonorum civibus extitit,  
Et casta castae praeses aulae  
Ipsa dies habuit serenos.



‘ Her court was pure ; her life serene ;  
God gave her peace ; her land reposed ;  
A thousand claims to reverence closed  
In her as Mother, Wife and Queen ;

‘ And statesmen at her council met  
Who knew the seasons when to take  
Occasion by the hand, and make  
The bounds of freedom wider yet

‘ By shaping some august decree,  
Which kept her throne unshaken still,  
Broad-based upon her people’s will,  
And compass’d by the inviolate sea.’

*Dedication to Poems.*

Pax dulcis illi, pax populo data est ;  
Et, sive princeps seu voluit magis  
Aut mater aut conjux vocari,  
Innumeras meruit suorum

Quocunque laudes nomine, et adfuit  
Prudens virorum consiliis manus,  
Haud segnis opportuna rerum  
Tempora sollicita notare

Mente, et secundos quos tulerit dies  
Captare casus, posset ut amplius  
Proferre libertas honestis  
Consiliis moderata fines,

Dum tuta sedes constitit imperi,  
Ut quam voluntas libera civium  
Fulciret, hostilique pontus  
Cingeret inviolatus irae.

A. J. C.

HER tears fell with the dews at even ;  
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried ;  
She could not look on the sweet heaven,  
Either at morn or eventide.

\* \* \* \* \*

Upon the middle of the night,  
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow :  
The cock sung out an hour ere light :  
From the dark fen the oxen's low  
Came to her : without hope of change,  
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,  
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn  
About the lonely moated grange.

*Poems. Mariana.*

II.

FLET quoties sero descendunt vespere rores,

Flet nondum rores decutiente die.

Non valet ad laetum voltus attollere caelum,

Seu Sol imponit seu juga demit equis.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nox medium complebat iter: simul excita somno

Nocturnas audit fundere carmen aves:

Nondum aderat Phoebus: galli vox personat umbram;

Sublustris pecudum murmura reddit ager.

Deserta in somnis visa est sine fine vagari,

Nec sperat gratas affore posse vices,

Dum gelidi ducant albertia lumina venti,

Cingit ubi solam fossa inamoena domum.

J. C.

WITH a half-glance upon the sky  
At night he said, 'The wanderings  
Of this most intricate universe  
Teach me the nothingness of things'.  
Yet could not all creation pierce  
Beyond the bottom of his eye.

He spake of beauty: that the dull  
Saw no divinity in grass,  
Life in dead stones, or spirit in air;  
Then looking as 'twere in a glass,  
He smooth'd his chin and sleek'd his hair,  
And said the earth was beautiful.

He spake of virtue: not the gods  
More purely, when they wish to charm  
Pallas and Juno sitting by:  
And with a sweeping of the arm,  
And a lack-lustre dead-blue eye,  
Devolved his rounded periods.

III.

SUFFENUS iste caelum nocte suspicit,  
 Dicitque, 'mundi me docet  
 Mirandus ordo quam sit in rebus nihil';  
 Sub cujus ima lumina  
 Structura rerum tota, naturaeque vis  
 Nunquam queat descendere.  
 Idemque multa disserens inaniter  
 De pulchritudine omnium,  
 Sentire ineptos gramini et saxis negat  
 Inesse quid divinius,  
 Vitaeve semen aetheri circumsitum.  
 Deinde, os ut aspectans suum,  
 Barbamque mulcens et comam fingens manu,  
 Pulchram esse terram praedicat.  
 Virtutis ille, ut sanctius nemo Deum  
 Laudes celebrat, sicubi  
 Junonis aures occupatve Palladis,  
 Multumque moto brachio,  
 Sublustre lumen ore coesio micans,  
 Magnum et canorum profluit,

Most delicately hour by hour  
He canvass'd human mysteries,  
And trod on silk, as if the winds  
Blew his own praises in his eyes,  
And stood aloof from other minds  
In impotence of fancied power.

With lips depress'd as he were meek,  
Himself unto himself he sold :  
Upon himself himself did feed :  
Quiet, dispassionate, and cold,  
And other than his form of creed,  
With chisell'd features clear and sleek.

*Poems. A Character.*

Quin tempore omni quidquid abditissimum  
    Tractavit exquisitius,  
Regitque molliter pedem, ut laudes sui  
    Captans ab omni flamine,  
Arcetque vulgus utpote impotens sibi  
    Sublime pectus arrogat.  
Pressis labellis ut carens superbia  
    Se vendit ipsemet sibi,  
Depascit ipse totus et pectus suum,  
    Vultum nitentem extrinsecus  
Tranquillus, excors intus; huic enim viro  
    Sententiae mens discrepat.

W. B.



THE wild swan's death-hymn took the soul  
Of that waste place with joy  
Hidden in sorrow : at first to the ear  
The warble was low, and full and clear ;  
And floating about the under sky,  
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole  
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ;  
But anon her awful jubilant voice,  
With a music strange and manifold,  
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold ;  
As when a mighty people rejoice  
With shawms, and with cymbals, and harps of gold,  
And the tumult of their acclaim is roll'd  
Thro' the open gates of the city afar,  
To the shepherd who watcheth the evening star.

*Poems. The Dying Swan.*

IV.

CARMEN quod cygnus moribundo pectore fudit  
 Laetitia magna complevit vasta locorum  
 Tristitiaque simul : primum demissus ad aures  
 Affertur cantus, plenusque et liquidus idem ;  
 Dumque plaga caeli pervolvitur inferiore,  
 Imbecilla valensque eadem, vaga naenia serpit  
 Nunc e distanti nunc e regione propinqua :  
 At cito sublimis vox increbrescit ovanti  
 Multiplices inflexa modos, atque agmine dulci  
 Profluit, audacem cantus meditata tenorem,  
 Ceu quando magnae celebrant solemnia gentes  
 Pulsantes citharas et cymbala et aurea sistra,  
 Atque volutatur fremitus procul acclamantum  
 Huc illuc resonans per portas urbis apertas  
 Ad loca noctiferum qua pastor suspicit ignem.

J. C.

Or the maid-mother by a crucifix,  
In tracts of pasture sunny-warm,  
Beneath branch-work of costly sardonyx  
Sat smiling, babe in arm.

Or in a clear-wall'd city on the sea,  
Near gilded organ-pipes, her hair  
Wound with white roses, slept St Cecily;  
An angel look'd at her.

Or thronging all one porch of Paradise,  
A group of Houris bow'd to see  
The dying Islamite, with hands and eyes  
That said, We wait for thee.

Or mythic Uther's deeply-wounded son  
In some fair space of sloping greens  
Lay, dozing in the vale of Avalon,  
And watch'd by weeping queens.

## V.

AUT illa in pratis et Virgo et Mater apricis.  
Qua juxta stabat crucis heu ! fatalis imago,  
Subter gemmatos, opus admirabile, ramos  
Infantem risu puerum complexa sedebat.  
Aut visa inventrix intra candentia virgo  
Moenia ad oceanum niveis dormire capillos  
Cincta rosis, auri splendebant pulchra metallo  
Organa, et e supera stabat prope nuntius aula.  
Aut Nymphas densam circa caelestia turbam  
Limina semianimum prona cervice videres  
Despectare virum ; ' Te, dudum optate, manemus '  
Brachia et ardentes oculi dixisse volebant.  
Aut spatium qua prata dabant acclive jacebat  
Utheri, ceu fama, genus, male saucius heros ;  
Hunc levibus reficit valles Avalonia somnis ;  
Reginae manus invigilant lachrymosa jacenti.

Or hollowing one hand against his ear,  
    To list a foot-ball, ere he saw  
The wood-nymph, stay'd the Ausonian king to hear  
    Of wisdom and of law.

Or over hills with peaky tops engrail'd,  
    And many a tract of palm and rice,  
Throne of Indian Gama slowly sail'd  
    A summer fann'd with spice.

Or sweet Europa's mantle blew unclasp'd,  
    From off her shoulder backward borne:  
From one hand droop'd a crocus: one hand grasp'd  
    The mild bull's golden horn.

Or else flush'd Ganymede, his rosy thigh  
    Half-buried in the Eagle's down,  
Sole as a flying star shot thro' the sky  
    Above the pillar'd town.

*Poems. The Palace of Art.*

Aut rex Ausonius dextra, ne forte per umbras  
Falleret adveniens, flexa super aure, manebat  
Nympham, quae leges et rerum arcana doceret.  
Leniter aut ibat sublime per aethera vectus  
Cama Deus; circum spirabat odoribus aestas;  
Tollebant infra serrata cacumina montes,  
Et palmis ager, et multa florebat oryza.  
Aut chlamys Europae dulcis resoluta fluebat  
Ex humero; manus una crocum vix languida prensat,  
Mitis et auratum tauri tenet altera cornu.  
Aut puer Iliacus flagrantia fervidus ora,  
Cui roseum ex Aquilae vixdum lanugine visum  
Elucere femur, Ganymedes ibat Olympum  
Solus, stella polos sola ut percurrit; at infra  
Stabat marmoreis urbs exornata columnis.

A. J. C.

“COURAGE!” he said, and pointed toward the land,  
“This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.”  
In the afternoon they came unto a land,  
In which it seemed always afternoon.  
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,  
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.  
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;  
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream  
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,  
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;  
And some thro’ wavering lights and shadows broke,  
Rolling a slumb’rous sheet of foam below.  
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow  
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,  
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,

## VI.

“EJA! agite, o socii, validis incumbite remis  
“In manibus terrae.” Sic rector navis. Et illa,  
Declinante die, tandem defertur ad oram,  
Declinantis ubi lux usque est visa diei.  
Languidus hic semper super omnia funditur aër,  
Languidus ut spirat quem somnia tarda fatigant.  
Valle super media completo pendula vultu  
Luna; et, fumus uti vento depressus, aquarum  
Parvula descendit pedetentim copia rupe.

Haec loca mille secant amnes. Ex collibus ille  
Lene cadit, nebulaeque suae se condit amictu;  
Per dubias alii commista luce tenebras  
Erumpunt, spumarum exuti lubrica vela.

Est in conspectu rivus qui lucidus urget  
Flumen in oceanum terrae ex penetralibus imis;  
Longius assurgunt tria cana cacumina montis,



Stood sunset-flush'd: and, dew'd with showery drops,  
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.  
The charmed sunset linger'd low adown  
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale  
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down  
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale  
And meadow, set with slender galingale;  
A land where all things always seem'd the same!  
And round about the keel with faces pale,  
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,  
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,  
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave  
To each, but whoso did receive of them,  
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave  
Far, far away did seem to mourn and rave  
On alien shores; and if his fellow spake,  
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;  
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,  
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

Purpureoque nives obductas lumine tingunt ;  
Pinus, quae nemorum subjectis frondibus exstat,  
Multo rore micat, dum rubro in Vespere serus  
Sol, velut ipse loci devinctus amore, moratur.  
Prospectum praebet scopulos via fissa per altos,  
Interiorque patet saltus : spinosa genista  
Flavescit campis palmarum limite cinctis ;  
Multaque vallis agit flexus, gracilique cypero  
Consita prata jacent. Nihil hac mutabile terra.  
Ad proram procul ora modis pallentia miris  
Apparent, roseaque in Phoebi luce cadentis  
Lotophagi stant, turba silens, voltusque serenos  
Vanae tristitiae dulcis perfundit imago.

Quisque gerit magica decerptum ex arbore ramum  
Floribus et fetu gravidum ; quisque exhibet ultro  
Gustandum ; dextra quisque accipit advena donum.  
Si quis gustarit, residens huic murmur aquarum,  
Littoribus tanquam ex aliis, vix fertur ad aures :  
Sive quis ex sociis voces jactaverit, illi  
Vox tenuis sonat, ut clauso vox missa sepulchro ;  
Ut somno gravis ipse, vigil tamen ; imaque corda  
Dant numeros pulsu.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,  
Between the sun and moon upon the shore  
And sweet it was to dream of Father-land,  
Of child, and wife, and slave; but evermore  
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,  
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.  
Then some one said, "We will return no more;"  
And all at once they sang, "Our island home  
Is far beyond the wave; we will no longer roam."

*Poems. The Lotos-eaters.*

## Flava recubatur arena

Solem inter Lunamque ; alii de conjugē cara,  
De natis alii patriaque domoque loquuntur,  
Dulce opus ; at vasti meminerunt taedia ponti,  
Remigiumque iterant animo ; piget inde laborum.  
Tunc aliquis : ' Reditum ne quis meditetur, amici ?'  
Dixerat, et cuncti simul ' Insula nostra remota est  
Trans mare ; ne spumas iterum tentemus et aestum.

J. P. L.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,  
With half-shut eyes ever to seem  
Falling asleep in a half-dream !  
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,  
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height ;  
To hear each other's whisper'd speech ;  
Eating the Lotos day by day,  
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,  
And tender curving lines of creamy spray ;  
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly  
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy ;  
To muse and brood and live again in memory  
With those old faces of our infancy  
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,  
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

*Poems. The Lotos-eaters, Choric Song, 5.*

## VII.

AN! quam suave foret pronum auscultantibus amnem,  
Clausis poene oculis, perque imperfecta videri  
Somnia, primitias semper libare soporis;  
Somnia continuare et continuata fovere,  
Ut fovet electri fuco lux vespers illud  
Usque jugum, tactisque negat discedere myrrhis;  
Suave susurrantes inter se audire loquelas;  
Inque dies, Loti succos dum vescimur, ora  
Crispatos inhiare sinus, qua linea mollis  
Spumarum niveo signat curvamine littus;  
Interea sese totos addicere leni  
Maestitiae, et blando penitus dare corda veneno;  
Subreptis meditari animis, memorique priorem  
Fingere mente diem, ut pueri quos novimus olim  
Rursus eosdem inter videamur degere vultus,  
Quos hodie bini tantum mensura pugilli  
Canentum cinerum comprehendit et aggere claudit  
Gramineo tellus et aënea continet urna.

DEAR is the memory of our wedded lives,  
And dear the last embraces of our wives  
And their warm tears: but all hath suffer'd change;  
For surely now our household hearths are cold:  
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:  
And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.  
Or else the island princes over-bold  
Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings  
Before them of the ten-years' war in Troy,  
And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.  
Is there confusion in the little isle?  
Let what is broken so remain.  
The Gods are hard to reconcile:  
'Tis hard to settle order once again.  
There *is* confusion worse than death,  
Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,  
Long labour unto aged breath,  
Sore task to hearts worn out with many wars  
And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot stars.

*Poems. The Lotos-eaters, Choric Song, 6.*

## VIII.

CONJUGIUM nobis et priscae tempora vitae,  
Brachiaque uxorū complexu juncta supremo  
Dulce recordari est atque ora tepentia fletu.  
Ast haec longa dies mutavit; credimus istos  
Igne diu caruisse focos, res filius haeres  
Possidet: ignoti priscis veniemus amicis,  
Ut veniunt vivis functorum epulantibus umbrae.  
Aut Ithacae forsā proceres, violenta juvenus,  
Consumpsere domos, quorum ad convivia vates,  
Ceū quis res memorat quas jam longa obruit aetas,  
Aptat bella lyrae, muris bis quinque per annos  
Gesta sub Iliacis, quaeque inclyta fecimus ipsi.  
Anne Ithacam vexat discordia? rupta manento  
Quae sint rupta semel; precibus vix flectere Divos  
Vix datur aversos quassam aut componere pacem.  
Est ipso peior letho discordia, curis  
Cura novis geminata et damnis damna, labores  
Heu! nimii senibus, quum longo pectora bello  
Fracta gerant, oculosque insomnis cura, polique et  
Astra, duces ratibus, longum quaesita fatigent.

A. J. C.



THE Lotos blooms below the barren peak ;  
The Lotos blows by every winding creek ;  
All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone ;  
Through every hollow cave and alley lone  
Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos dust  
is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we,  
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was  
seething free

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains  
in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,  
In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined  
On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.

## IX.

FLORESCIT lotus sterili sub vertice montis,  
Quaque recedentes sinuatur fluctus in oras,  
Perque diem totum summisso murmure ventus  
Mollius aspirat; quo per cava saxa, viasque  
Secretas, circumque fragrantés undique saltus  
Pulvereum loti fertur de floribus aurum.  
Erratum satis est; satis egimus. An juvat ultra  
In dextram in laevam tumido jactarier aestu,  
Bellua qua mediis immania terga volutat  
Gurgitibus, caelumque efflata verberat unda?  
Quin hic juremus socii, jurataque servet  
Aequa fides, in lotifera considerare terra,  
Et superum ritu recubare in collibus una,  
Securi quid fata parent mortalibus aegris.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd  
Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly  
curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming  
world ;

There they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,  
Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps  
and fiery sands,

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and  
praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful  
song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of  
wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are  
strong ;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the  
soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,  
Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil ;

Namque suam recubant olli prope nectar; at infra  
Missa petunt longe subjectas fulgura valles,  
Sed circum auratas sedes cinctasque corusco  
Orbe domos facili crispantur nubila motu.  
Hic secum rident quoties pestemque famemque  
Despiciunt, diramque luem, terraeque tremores,  
Navibus et stratum jamjam pereuntibus aequor,  
Et rabiem undarum, tractusque ardentis arenae,  
Vastatasque plagas, saevisque sonantia telis  
Proelia, flammantesque urbes, palmasque precantum.  
Haec spectare juvat; melos illud dulce videtur  
Flebilibus clausum numeris, quod more vaporis  
Assurgit, veteris narrata injuria damni,  
Fabula ut exilis, grandi licet ore tumescat.  
Is miseri questus generis, cui findere glebam,  
Cui serere et parcas opus unum est cogere messes,  
Exiguum aut Cereris redigant ut rite quotannis  
Aut Bacchi fenus, tarde aut venientis olivae; aut/

Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—down  
in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel.

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore  
Than labour in the deep-mid-ocean, wind and wave and  
oar;

O rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

*Poems. The Lotos-Eaters. Choric Song, 8.*

Donec fata sinunt; dein pars, ita fama susurrat,  
Tartareas subeunt aeterno federe poenas;  
Pars autem Elysiis degunt in vallibus aevum,  
Asphodelique torus fessos tandem accipit artus.  
Dulcior, ah! somnus quam taedia longa laborum,  
Dulcius oceano littus; piget aequore in alto  
Usque fatigari remis, Aquilonibus, undis;  
Haec tandem requies, errorum hic terminus esto!

M. D.

O BLACKBIRD! sing me something well:  
While all the neighbours shoot thee round,  
I keep smooth plats of fruitful ground,  
Where thou mayst warble, eat, and dwell.

The espaliers and the standards all  
Are thine; the range of lawn and park:  
The unnetted black-hearts ripen dark,  
All thine, against the garden wall.

Yet, tho' I spared thee all the spring,  
Thy sole delight is, sitting still,  
With that gold dagger of thy bill  
To fret the summer jenneting.

A golden bill! the silver tongue,  
Cold February loved, is dry:  
Plenty corrupts the melody  
That made thee famous once, when young:

## X.

ALES! sylvicolae Merularum gloria gentis!

Carmina te posco: carmina digna refer:

Invida missilibus circum vicinia telis

Te petit; at pavidus tutor et auctor ego.

Caespitis hoc, quodcunque meum est, aut uberis agri,

Hoc colere, hinc pasci, hic et cecinisse licet;

Tu campis dominare meis; tibi crevit in horto

Nigrescens cerasus; retia nulla vetant;

Est tua, seu muro palisve innititur arbos,

Seu scandit caelum viribus usa suis.

Num tu, cui clemens longo sub vere peperci,

Mutua poscenti reddere dona negas?—

Nil facis—aurato nisi quod, male languidus, ense

Falcatis rostri, laedere poma soles.

Auratum jactas decus illud inutile: at, eheu,

Purior argento quae tibi lingua fuit;

Cui facilem gelidus praebebat Aquarius aurem;

Ingenuum posuit, marcida facta, melos:

Carmina luxuries, corrupta fauce, refregit

Quae tibi notitiae causa fuere tuae.



And in the sultry garden-squares,  
Now thy flute-notes are changed to coarse,  
I hear thee not at all, or hoarse  
As when a hawker hawks his wares.

Take warning! he that will not sing  
While yon sun prospers in the blue,  
Shall sing for want, ere leaves are new,  
Caught in the frozen palms of Spring.

*Poems. The Blackbird.*

Debueras, nemorum parvus tibicen et horti,

Exiguâ calidos fallere voce dies—

Cessantem opperior—sonitus das, improbe, nullos,

Aut rauco quales institor ore dedit.

Jamque audi. Qui noluerit cecinisse rogatus,

Caeruleum aestivo sole fovente polum;

Huic misero cantus misera extorquebit egestas,

Cum viduas foliis ver premet acre plagas.

J. A. H.

THE wind, that beats the mountain, blows  
More softly round the open wold,  
And gently comes the world to those  
That are cast in gentle mould.

And me this knowledge bolder made,  
Or else I had not dared to flow  
In these words toward you, and invade  
Even with a verse your holy woe.

'Tis strange that those we lean on most,  
Those in whose laps our limbs are nursed,  
Fall into shadow, soonest lost:  
Those we love first are taken first.

XI.

QUI ferit excelsum violento turbine montem,  
Mollior arborum perflat aperta notus :  
Sic melior vitae fatales excipit ictus  
Corda luto finxit cui meliore pater.  
Hoc novi, notoque libens fiducia crevit,  
Lenivitque, morae qui fuit ante, metum,  
Ne mea tam sanctos vellet turbare dolores,  
Nec desiderio parcere musa tuo.  
Mira loquor : quibus innixi stabamus amicis,  
Qui nostra infantum membra aluere sinu,  
Abripit ad vanas mala vis maturior umbras ;  
Quae prima accepit prima remittit amor.

God gives us love. Something to love  
He lends us; but, when love is grown  
To ripeness, that on which it throve  
Falls off, and love is left alone.

*Poems. To J. S.*

Sensibus inseruit nostris Deus auctor amorem,

Pabula poscit amor, nec quod amemus abest;

Mox, ubi prodit amor fructum, quod amavimus ut flos

Excidit, et restat pectore solus amor.

J. C.

## I.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf  
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains ;  
Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the veins.  
Faint shadows, vapours lightly curl'd,  
Faint murmurs from the meadows come,  
Like hints and echoes of the world  
To spirits folded in the womb.

## II.

Soft lustre bathes the range of urns  
On every slanting terrace-lawn.  
The fountain to his place returns  
Deep in the garden lake withdrawn.  
Here droops the banner on the tower,  
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,  
The peacock in his laurel bower,  
The parrot in his gilded wires.

## XII.

MERGITE et alterna mutabilis annus arista  
It, redit, et toties rura beata tegit;  
Hic iidem succi restant in frondibus isdem,  
Sanguis et in venis undique sistit iter.  
Sed tenues umbrae veniunt, leviterque vapores  
Vibrati, et quiddam lene susurrat ager,  
Turbat ut externae praenuntia lucis imago  
Quos utero implicitos non ciet ipsa dies.  
Lumen in expositas liquidum perfunditur urnas,  
Gramina qua xysti cunque supina patent.  
Fons salientis aquae redit unde emissus, et hortum  
Destituens, repetit stagna reducta lacus.  
Turribus immota languent vexilla sub aura,  
Aularum festo vix tepet igne focus,  
Laurina in trichila pavo non explicat alas,  
Et cavea aurata psittacus ipsa silet.



## III.

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs :

In these, in those the life is stay'd.

The mantles from the golden pegs

Droop sleepily : no sound is made,

Not even of a gnat that sings.

More like a picture seemeth all

Than those old portraits of old kings,

That watch the sleepers from the wall.

## IV.

Here sits the butler with a flask

Between his knees, half-drain'd ; and there  
The wrinkled steward at his task,

The maid-of-honour blooming fair :

The page has caught her hand in his ;

Her lips are sever'd as to speak :

His own are pouted to a kiss :

The blush is fix'd upon her cheek.

Culmen hirundo fovens tecti sua calfacit ova,  
 Ovorum vitae par aviumque mora est.  
 Pallia in auratis pendent languentia clavis;  
 Nec vox, vel culicis qui canat, ulla sonat.  
 Omnia visa magis tacita depicta tabella,  
 Quam regum effigies, signa vetusta domus,  
 Pariete quae juxta pendent, coetumque tuentur  
 Sopitum, excubiis irrequieta suis.  
 Promus adhuc considit, et inter genua lagenam,  
 Altera cui pars est usque liquanda, tenet;  
 Dispensator agit solitam rugosus opellam;  
 Statque puellari regia flore nurus;  
 Huic, dextram ut dextra rapuit puer improbus, ora  
 Sunt quasi venturo semiadaperta sono;  
 Ille labella simul, capturus ut oscula, tendit,  
 Illa manet fixo tincta rubore genas.

## V.

Till all the hundred summers pass,  
The beams, that thro' the Oriel shine,  
Make prisms in every carven glass,  
And beaker brimm'd with noble wine.  
Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
Grave faces gather'd in a ring.  
His state the king reposing keeps.  
He must have been a jovial king.

## VI.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows  
At distance like a little wood;  
Thorns, ivies, woodbine, misletoes,  
And grapes with bunches red as blood;  
All creeping plants, a wall of green  
Close-matted, bur and brake and briar,  
And glimpsing over these, just seen,  
High up, the topmost palace-spire.

Dum fuerit centena aëstas exacta, fenestram  
Trans patulam quoties lucet in aede jubar,  
Iride quodque sua crystallæ insculpta refulgent,  
Vasque coronatum lenis honore meri.  
Ante epulas proceres, sopitus quisque, repostas,  
Perpetuo augustis vultibus orbe sedent;  
Regi majestas ipso manet integra somno,  
Hic quondam, credo, rex genialis erat.  
Ardua virgultis crescit circum undique sepes,  
Exigui nemoris quæ procul instar habet;  
Viscum, hederæ, sentes, convolvulus, atque racemos  
Sanguineo splendens uva colore, virent;  
Lappa, rubus, vepres, quaecunque est nexilis arbos,  
Implicat intextas, moenia viva, comas,  
Et super hæc, sed paene latens, exsurgit in auras  
Regia qui tenuis tecta coronat apex.

## VII.

When will the hundred summers die,  
And thought and time be born again,  
And newer knowledge, drawing nigh,  
Bring truth that sways the souls of men?  
Here all things in their place remain,  
As all were order'd, ages since.  
Come, Care and Pleasure, Hope and Pain,  
And bring the fated fairy Prince.

*Poems. The Day-dream. The Sleeping Palace.*

Quando erit ut tandem centesima fugerit aestas,  
Tempus ut incipiat mensque renata vices,  
Et propius veniens doctrina novissima Verum,  
Humanis animis quod dominetur, aget?  
Omnibus hic idem locus est, idem omnibus ordo,  
Quem primo statuit federe prisca dies;  
Cura Voluptati advenias, Speque additus Angor,  
Vos modo fatalem deproperate ducem.

H. W. S.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,  
Thy tribute wave deliver :  
No more by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,  
A rivulet then a river :  
No where by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,  
And here thine aspen quiver,  
And here by thee will hum the bee,  
For ever and for ever.

## XIII.

DEFLUE in oceanum frigenti, rivule, lympa,  
Et tua communi redde tributa mari;  
Deflue tu felix, ego jam vestigia ripis  
Tristis in aeternum non iteranda premo.  
Deflue per campos, per silvas lenis amoenas,  
Rivule, mox auctis rivus iturus aquis;  
Deflue tu felix; nusquam, dum vita superstes,  
Fas erit assuetos rursus adire locos.  
Ast alnus vicina tibi suspiria ducet,  
Et quatiet tremulas populus alba comas;  
Ast apis in viridi, qua flos tibi margine ridet  
Plurimus, assiduo murmure carpet opus.



A thousand suns will stream on thee,  
A thousand moons will quiver ;  
But not by thee my steps shall be,  
For ever and for ever.

*Poems. A Farewell.*

Mille super fundent radios qua volvere soles,

In tremulis toties luna micabit aquis—

Deflue tu felix, ego jam vestigia ripis

Hei mihi! in aeternum non iteranda premo.

*Anon.*

HER arms across her breast she laid;  
She was more fair than words can say:  
Bare-footed came the beggar maid  
Before the King Cophetua.  
In robe and crown the King stept down,  
To meet and greet her on her way;  
"It is no wonder," said the lords,  
"She is more beautiful than day."

As shines the moon in clouded skies,  
She in her poor attire was seen:  
One praised her ancles, one her eyes,  
One her dark eyes and lovesome mien.  
So sweet a face, such angel grace,  
In all that land had never been:  
Cophetua sware a royal oath:  
"This beggar maid shall be my queen!"

*Poems. The Beggar Maid.*

## XIV.

Interea virgo, positis trans pectora palmis,  
Pulchrior—at nequeunt dicere verba decus.  
Núda pedes, referens ancillae pauperis ora,  
Cophetuae ad regis limina tendit iter.  
Rex videt, et foribus, regali indutus honore,  
Prosilit, excipiens dulcibus alloquiis :  
Mirati proceres : sed “vix mirabile” clamant,  
“Ipso namque die clarior ecce micat.”  
Aetherios quondam velut inter luna vapores,  
Forma nitet, pannis obsita, clara tamen :  
Hic teretes laudat suras, hic lumina, at illis  
Caesaries ridet pulla, decensque Venus.  
Inde fremunt omnes, non, ista ad tempora, in oras  
Venisse e superis praemia tanta suas :  
At rex : “Ancillae, juro haec per sceptras, potestas  
Huic dabitur regnis consocianda meis.”

J. A. H.

## XV.

## VERSIO ALTERA.

STABAT suppliciter junctis in pectore palmis—  
Nec possunt tantum verba referre decus.  
Nuda pedes niveos stabat mendica puella  
Celsas Cophetuae principis ante fores.  
Rex sede exsiluit, diademate clarus et ostro,  
Obvius et primo limine dixit 'ave'.  
'Nec mirum: non ipsa dies est pulchrior', inquit  
Circumstans una voce corona ducum.  
Qualis nocturnas translucet Cynthia nubes  
Paupere sub vesti cernere talis erat.  
Hic teretes suras, vultus et amoribus aptos,  
Ille oculos laudat purpureasque comas.

Suavis in ore fuit decus et par gratia Divis,  
Qualis non isto fulserat ante solo;  
‘Haec mihi’, Cophetuas jurat ‘mendica puella  
Conjux—sic solium sceptraque testor—erit’.

A. J. C.

## THE EAGLE.

HE clasps the crag with crooked hands ;  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ring'd with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls ;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

*Poems. The Eagle.*

XVI.

UNGULIS prensat scopulos aduncis  
Solis haud nostri comes, et corona  
Templa circumstant liquida sereni  
Caerula mundi.

Subditi rugas maris inquietas  
Arce de summa videt, inde praeceps,  
Ceu polum missus Jove findit ignis,  
Decidit ales.

W. B.



As thro' the land at eve we went,  
And plucked the ripen'd ears,  
We fell out, my wife and I,  
O we fell out, I know not why,  
And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child  
We lost in other years,  
There above the little grave,  
O there above the little grave  
We kiss'd again with tears.

*The Princess*, p. 29.

## XVII.

DELIA maturas mecum carpebat aristas,  
Vespere per flavos dum spatiamur agros.  
Nescio qua causa nobis brevis arserat ira ;  
Mox vetus est lacrymis conciliatus amor.  
Contigit advenisse locum, qua conditus infans,  
Quem prius heu ! nobis abstulit atra dies ;  
Par stetimus maestum cespes qua lene tumescit ;  
Sic vetus est lacrymis conciliatus amor.

A. J. C.

## XVIII.

## VERSIO ALTERA.

VESPERE per campos cum conjuge devius ibam,  
Et digitis spoliū dives arista dabat.  
Incidit ira, latent stimuli, tamen incidit ira,  
Oscula tum lacrymis mista, renatus amor ;  
Namque aderat locus ille jacet quo noster, ademit  
Quem dudum ex oculis mors properata, puer.  
Illic ad tumultum, fuit Ah ! quam parvulus, illic  
Oscula tum lacrymis mista, renatus amor.

J. W.

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
That brings our friends up from the under-world,  
Sad as the last which reddens over one  
That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah! sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

*The Princess*, pp. 76, 77.

## XIX.

HEU lacrymae rerum expertes! queis quae sit origo  
Nescio, quidve velint, credo tamen altius haustas  
Ex aliquo plusquam mortali fonte doloris,—  
Quae nasci sub corde solent, suffundere ocellos,  
Dum tacite Autumni felicia rura tuemur,  
Et subeunt nunquam redituri temporis anni.

Vivax, ut primum velo jubar emicat illo  
Devexis caros quod ab austris reddit amicos;  
Tristis, ut extremus radius per vela rubescens  
Delicias animae occiduo mergentia in aestu—  
Actarum sic tristis honos vivaxque dierum.

Tristis, et insolito pertentans omine sensus,  
Mane sub aestivum dilucula ut inter opaca,  
Vox avium vixdum reserato gutture somno,  
Prima sonans, tenuis fertur morientis ad aures,  
Lumine sublustri cum jam morientis ocellis  
Forma fenestrarum sensim quadratior exstat;—  
Tam triste insolitumque, actae meminisse diei.

H. W. S.

O SWALLOW, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her, what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South  
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And chirp and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

## XX.

PROCNE nostra, volans volans ad Austrum,  
Lautis incide tectulis, ibique  
Quae dico tibi dic meae puellae.  
Dic, Procne bona, namque utrumque nosti,  
Dic Austrum nitidum levem, ferocem,  
Dic nigrum Borean, pium, fidelem.  
O si te liceat sequi et fenestras  
Caras insidere, pipilem canamque  
Centum millia garriens amorum.  
O si me similem tui receptum  
Sinu mulceat, ut jacens ibidem  
Cunis lacteolis eam sub umbras!

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown :  
Say to her ; I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

*The Princess*, pp. 79, 80.

Cur non induit illa amore pectus,  
Ceu quae fraxinus indui moratur  
Sola jam reliqua virente silva?  
Dic tuos alio volasse pullos,  
Dic te ludere paullulum hic sub Austro,  
Nidis sub Borea prius repostis.  
Dic vitam esse brevem, manere amorem,  
Soles sub Borea breves nitere,  
Nec Lunam diuturnius sub Austro.  
O Procne nemus aureum relinquens  
Illam fac propriam mihi canendo,  
Et dic me quoque mox ibi futurum.

J. C.



THY voice is heard through rolling drums,  
That beat to battle where he stands;  
Thy face across his fancy comes,  
And gives the battle to his hands:  
A moment, while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee;  
The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

*The Princess*, p. 105.

## XXI.

STANS ille armatus, reboant ubi tympana bellum,  
Per strepitum voces excipit usque tuas ;  
Usque tui vultus animo subrepat imago,  
Victrices dextrae vaticinata vices.  
Expectans paullum, tuba dum canit aerea signum,  
Te videt et pueros ad tua genua suos ;  
Mox hostem, immissus, velut ignis, in agmina, pro te  
Lethifero sternit volnere, proque tuis.

*Anon.*

O not to try and peer on your reserve,  
But led by golden wishes, and a hope  
The child of regal compact, did I break  
Your precinct; not a scorner of your sex  
But venerator, zealous it should be  
All that it might be: hear me for I bear,  
Tho' man, yet human, whatsoe'er your wrongs,  
From the flaxen curl to the gray lock a life  
Less mine than yours: my nurse would tell me of you;  
I babbled for you, as babies for the moon,  
Vague brightness; when a boy, you stooped to me  
From all high places, lived in all fair lights,  
Came in long breezes rapt from inmost south  
And blown to inmost north; at eve and dawn  
With Ida, Ida, Ida, rang the woods;

## XXII.

Non arcana tuae cupiens invisere sedis  
Hos ego transilui fines; amor aureus egit  
Ausaque regali spes non diffidere pacto.  
Non mihi faemineum genus est contemnere cordi,  
Hos veneror magis, huic proprium tribuisse decorem  
Sedulus enitor; tuque, O! quaecunque tulisti,  
Namque animat formam mens hanc humana virilem,  
Ne tamen avertas aures; pars maxima vitae  
Tu mihi semper eras, pueri flavente capillo,  
Semper eris, canis aetas quum candeat annis;  
De te sueta loqui nutrix mea; parvulus ipse  
Te garrere, infans ignota ut lumina Phoebes:  
Te puer ex omni quisquis sublimior esset  
Despectare loco, te inter formosa videbam  
Lumina versari, longe et spirabat amorem  
Aura tui, quaecunque austro producta remoto  
Ultima Hyperboreae penetravit littora terrae.  
Idam mane, Idam resonabant vespere silvae,

The leader wildswan in among the stars  
Would clang it, and rapt in wreaths of glowworm light  
The mellow breaker murmur'd Ida. Now  
Because I would have reached you, had you been  
Sphered up with Cassiopeia, or the enthroned  
Persephone in Hades, now at length,  
These winters of abeyance all worn out,  
A man I came to see you : but, indeed,  
Not in this frequency can I lend full tongue,  
O noble Ida, to those thoughts that wait  
On you, their centre : let me say but this.

*The Princess*, pp. 96, 97.

Idam raucisoni gregis inter sidera ductor  
Clamabat cycnus ; nocturna et luce coruscans  
Unda tuum molli geminabat murmure nomen.  
Et mihi quum constans te consecrari esset  
Mens, ubicunque fores, aut Cassiopeia caelum  
Qua tenet aut Hecate pallentibus imperat umbris,  
Jam vir, tot demum brumas emensus inertes,  
Adveni, adspexi ; neque me, clarissima virgo,  
Turba frequens curas sinit enarrare quot unam  
In te conveniant ; tantum hoc dixisse placebit.

A. J. C.

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font ;  
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me.

Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on and leaves  
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake :  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

*The Princess*, pp. 166, 167.

## XXIII.

REGALI in xysto cessat nutare cupressus ;  
Et niveus dormit purpureusque calyx ;  
Marmoreo nec pinna, vides ? micat aurea labro ;  
Sed pyralis vigilat ; tu mihi, cara, vaca.  
Jam niveus pavo languescit, ut umbra silentum,  
Sublustrisque mihi tu, velut umbra, venis.  
Nunc tellus, nova ceu Danaë, patet omnis ad astra,  
Et mihi non aliter cor patet omne tuum.  
Stella silens nitido perlabitur aethera sulco,  
Et signant mentem sic tua sensa meam.  
Quidquid odoris habent compressis lilia condunt  
Floribus, in gremium lapsa repente lacus.  
Tu, quoque, deliciae, sic teipsam comprime, nostrae,  
Labere et in nostros tota recepta sinus.

H. W. S.



COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height,  
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)  
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?  
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,  
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
Or red with spirited purple of the vats,  
Or fox-like in the vine, nor cares to walk  
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,  
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,

## XXIV.

Huc ades, haec olim cecinit Melibaeus, ab isto  
Nympha jugo; quid enim pariunt usquam ardua laeti?  
Quid caput astra petens, aut frigora, montis honores?  
Quin tandem usque adeo propiores desine caeli  
Affectare vias; radii neque praepetis instar  
De caelo tactas jam praeterlabere pinos,  
Nec te, sidus uti, jam murice fige corusco.  
Huc ades, hic Amor est; nec Amori gratior ullus  
Valle locus; vallem petito, captabis Amorem.  
Aut illum felix servantem limen agrestis,  
Aut altas inter segetes, ubi Copia dextrae  
Jungitur, invenes, aut ad spumantia prela  
Candida purpureo conspersum tempora musto.  
Forsitan aut vulpi similem sub vite latentem  
Excepisse Deum liceat; nec enim sibi Letum  
Auroramque legens comites argentea quaeret  
Cornua, nec si qua diffissa rupe vorago  
Candescit nivibus, nec qua maris instar hiulcos  
Scinditur in fluctus glacies Alpina, subibis.

That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors;  
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down  
To find him in the valley; let the wild  
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
The monstrous ledges there to slope and spill  
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,  
That like a broken purpose waste in air:  
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales  
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth  
Arise to thee; the children call, and I  
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,  
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

*The Princess*, pp. 167—9.

En illic sulci sulcis, terga addita tergis,  
Una obliquantur, confusa sine ordine moles,  
Dum ruptus furvo torrens volvatur hiatu.  
Hunc sequere; hic summo in vallem te deferat aestu,  
Ostendatque Deum; latrent sine vortice macrae  
Solo aquilae; missos in mille volumina rores  
Terga crepidinibus procul hinc immania pronis  
Pendula defundant, liquidisque simillima fumis.  
Illa, velut mediis si quis defecerit ausis,  
Deficiunt, vacuas et dissolvuntur in auras:  
Ne tibi sic desis; ades ocius, undique valles  
Te dudum expectant dominam; tibi, sacra focorum  
Munera, caeruleae surgunt e valle columnae;  
Te pueri clamore vocant, te pastor avena  
Ipse tuus, dulcesque refert rus omne susurros:  
Dulcior his tua vox, tamen hos audire juvabit,  
Mobilibus saltus et prata sonantia rivis,  
Mollis ab annosa querimonia turturis ulmo,  
Et quod miscet apum genus innumerabile murmur.

T. E. K.

## XXV.

## VERSIO ALTERA.

Huc ades, o virgo, (cecinit sic pastor) ab illo  
Vertice montes ades : quænam est in monte voluptas ?  
Tene merum frigus, mera te fastigia tantum  
Delectant, qui solus honos splendorque jugorum est.  
Desine at o nimium vicina incedere caelo ;  
Desine et o juxta semiustas fulmine pinus  
Ceu solis volitare jubar, vel rupis acutæ  
Ponere te specula, ceu stella refixa, corusca ;  
Quin age, nam valles Amor incolit, ipsa venito,  
Numen vallis Amor ; descendas tu quoque ut illum  
Invenias, tibi nec deerit, seu forte domorum  
Limina laeta foveat, seu tecum, Copia, dextram  
Junxerit, occiduae thyrsos miratus aristæ,  
Aut ruber eliso prelis spumantibus ostro,  
Aut inter vites vulpino more latescens ;  
Cornua nec circum spatari argentea curat  
Auroræ mortisque comes, nec prenderis illum  
Faucibus in niveis, nec lapsus inveneris illic,  
Qua glacies alpina, freti ferventis ad instar,

Usque sibi a tergo ipsius glomerata profundos .  
Finditur in sulcos, pronumque obliquat acervum,  
Unde rapax volvatur opaca per ostia torrens.  
At sequere: ipsa tuos torrens saltare docebit  
Unda pedes, vallemque tibi praecurret ad imam,  
Qua puerum invenias; sine tu capite effera macro  
Sola aquila exululet secum, sine saxa supinis  
Usque superciliis fundant immania lympham,  
Mille vaporantes quae se contextit in orbes  
Pensilis in morem fumi; qui, qualiter impar  
Proposito ipse suo caepta imperfecta relinquit,  
Deficiunt medio et tenues miscentur in auras;  
Non ita deficias, venias tamen, undique valles  
Te dominam expectant: focus en tibi quisque columnas  
Caeruleas, sua thura, litant; te parvula nati  
Turba vocant, tuus ipse cano tibi pastor avena;  
Omnia dulce sonant, et si tua dulcior illis  
Lingua, tamen dulces non desunt hic quoque voces;  
Plurimus hic tenuis properat per gramina rivus,  
Atque gemit memori proavorum turtur ab ulmo,  
Atque apium innumeris immurmurat aura susurris.

H. W. S.

O SOMEWHERE, meek unconscious dove,  
That sittest ranging golden hair;  
And glad to find thyself so fair,  
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!

For now her father's chimney glows  
In expectation of a guest;  
And thinking 'this will please him best',  
She takes a riband or a rose;

For he will see them on to-night;  
And with the thought her colour burns;  
And, having left the glass, she turns  
Once more to set a ringlet right;

## XXVI.

NECTENS aureolos sedes capillos,  
Fati nescia, blandior columba,  
Vultusque adspicere ipsa tam decoros  
Gaudens, vae miserae ! manes amantem.  
Jam nunc hospitium domus paterna  
Venturo parat igne largiori ;  
Sumit sponsa rosamve taeniamve,  
Dum secum putat, " hoc meo placebit,  
Adest Hesperus, et videbit ipse ;"  
Sic secum putat, et color genarum  
Ardet, et, speculo semel relicto,  
Rursus dispositum redit capillos.



And, even when she turned, the curse  
    Had fallen, and her future Lord  
    Was drown'd in passing through the ford,  
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?  
    And what to me remains of good?  
    To her perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me no second friend.

*In Memoriam*, vi.

At tristis, simul ac revertit illa,  
Sors expleta, virumque destinatum  
Aut provolvit equus, vada aut dolosa  
Tentantem violentus hausit amnis.  
Quae sors te miseram manet futura?  
Laeti quid superest mihi expetendum?  
Heu! taedas tibi non parabit Hymen,  
Jungetur mihi non sodalis alter.

A. J. C.

FAIR ship, that from the Italian shore  
    Sailest the placid ocean-plains  
    With my lost Arthur's loved remains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn  
    In vain; a favourable speed  
    Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead  
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex  
    Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
    As our pure love, thro' early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

## XXVII.

O NAVIS aequor quae secas placabile,  
Desiderata dum refers  
Sodalis ossa littoribus ab Italis,  
Hunc plena pandens carbasa  
Reddas amicis irritum lugentibus.  
Cursus secundos urgeas  
Velox, imago dum natans mali tremat  
Summas per undas, ut sacram  
Urnas reportas per faventia aequora;  
Ne vexet aura mobilem  
Noctu carinam saevior, dum Phosphori,  
Ut castus inter nos amor,  
Lux alba rursus fulgeat super trabes  
Corusca mane roscidas.

Sphere all your lights around, above;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,  
My friend, the brother of my love;

My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.

*In Memoriam, ix.*

Ignes super circumque mille tu seras  
Aether benigne, dans iter  
Prorae quietum ; vos simul quiescite,  
Venti faventes, ut meus  
Frater quiescit et sodalis unicus,  
Arturus, cheu ! quem mihi  
Vetitum est videre, donec orbatam dies  
Vitam suprema clausurit,  
Dilectus ut dilecta filio parens,  
Ipsoque fratre carior.

A. J. C.

'Tis well; 'tis something; we may stand  
Where he in English earth is laid,  
And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little; but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were blest  
Among familiar names to rest  
And in the places of his youth.

Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
Which sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead.

## XXVIII.

AN! bene sors aliquid vano concessit amori;  
Stare licet nostro qua jacet ille solo,  
Qua mox in violas cineres mutantur odoras,  
In violas patrii munera verna soli.  
Credimus, Ah! nostri solatia quantula luctus,  
Credimus hoc placidum concupiisse caput,  
Carpere perpetuos nota inter nomina somnos,  
Quosque aetas norat prima, jacere locis.  
Ferte igitur pura, seu dormit, sive soporis  
Nos species fallit, tempora ferte manu;  
Et quantum est usquam lacrymarum accede sepulchro,  
Sacra piis cultum ritibus ossa veni.



Ah yet, e'en yet, if this might be,  
I, falling on his faithful heart,  
Would breathing thro' his lips impart  
The life that almost dies in me ;

That dies not, but endures with pain,  
And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
Measuring the look it cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again.

*In Memoriam*, XVIII.

Ah! mihi si liceat si nunc in pectore fido  
Brachia nunc etiam jungere fida viri;  
Frigida si liceat vitam inspirare per ora,  
Quae cor vix animat, ceu moritura, meum;  
Nec moritur tamen, at magnum perpessa dolorem  
Redditur in tardos fortior usque dies,  
Quosque haud aspicio voltus et verba reponit  
Auribus heu! rursum non capienda meis.

A. J. C.

I ENVY not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the cage,  
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in the field of time,  
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes;  
Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth  
But stagnates in the field of sloth;  
Nor any want-begotten rest.

XXIX.

ABOMINANDUM non dubito malum,  
Seu servus ira fervere libera,  
Seu nata sub tectis apricae  
Non meminit Philomela silvae.

Odi, ruentis munera temporis  
Qui lege nulla, more ferae, rapit,  
Peccata nec quid sint, nec unquam  
Noscere fas didicit nefasque.

Quin, quod beatum forsitan audiat,  
Immune amoris pectus abominor,  
Torpore dum marcet situque;  
Odi animum insipienter aequum.

I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

*In Memoriam*, XXVII.

Fortuna quicquid saeviet; hoc mea,  
Hoc mente fixum vel misero sedet,  
Non flere praeceptos amores  
Tam dolet ut careas amico.

J. R. S.

COULD we forget the widow'd hour  
And look on Spirits breathed away,  
As on a maiden in the day  
When first she wears her orange flower!

When crown'd with blessings she doth rise  
To take her latest leave of home,  
And hopes and light regrets that come  
Make April of her tender eyes;

And doubtful joys the father move,  
And tears are on the mother's face,  
As parting with a long embrace  
She enters other realms of love;

## XXX.

HEI mihi! si nobis orbata intercidat hora,  
Si liceat carum sic meminisse caput,  
Ut sponsam meminisse juvat quo tempore crines  
Virgineos proprio flore ligavit Hymen!  
Illa, suis jam fausta precantibus omnia, notos  
Supremum alloquitur mox abitura locos,  
Dum desiderium teneros leve turbat ocellos,  
Spesque simul, vernum ut sol pluviaeque diem.  
Gaudia nunc agitant animos incerta paternos,  
Matris et humectat lacryma multa genas,  
Filia dum longo complexu avulsa suorum  
Quaerit quae potior federa jungit amor,



Her office there to rear, to teach,  
    Becoming as is meet and fit  
    A link among the days, to knit  
The generations each with each ;

And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
    A life that bears immortal fruit  
    In such great offices as suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !  
    How often shall her old fire side  
    Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
    And bring her babe, and make her boast,  
    Till even those who miss'd her most,  
Shall count new things as dear as old :

Illi pars alere, et praeceptis fingere prolem,  
 Et fungi quae lex munera fasque jubet,  
 Jungere praesentes annis venientibus annos,  
 Et sobolem veteri consociare novam.  
 Tu quoque jam peragis, credo, felicius aevum,  
 Quodque facis nunquam mors abolebit opus;  
 Tu quoque, caelicolum jam viribus auctus adultis,  
 Officio fungi nobiliore potes.  
 At tua sors ista quantum heu! diversa videtur;  
 Gaudebit quoties, sit procul illa, domus,  
 Prospera sollicitas cum fama advenerit aures!  
 Et quoties patrios cum petet ipsa focos!  
 Illic saepe novam prolem ostentare juvabit,  
 Saepe suis placeat quod didicisse loqui,  
 Dum dolor amissae si cui prius acrior esset,  
 Ipse novas pariter res placuisse ferat.

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low;  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

*In Memoriam*, XXXIX.

At nos, donec hyems hanc clausurit ultima vitam,

Fata vetant caras consociare manus.

Heu! ego quos novi perlustro flebilis agros,

Tu loca mortali non adeunda pedi.

A. J. C.

UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall sway,  
The tender blossom flutter down,  
Unloved that beech will gather brown,  
This maple burn itself away ;

Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,  
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,  
And many a rose-carnation feed  
With summer spice the humming air ;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,  
The brook shall babble down the plain,  
At noon or when the lesser wain  
Is twisting round the polar star ;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,  
And flood the haunts of hern and crake ;  
Or into silver arrows break  
The sailing moon in creek and cove ;

## XXXI.

NULLI cura diu nutabit ramus in horto,  
Gemmaque vix aura vix agitante cadet ;  
Autumno fagus neglecta recolliget aurum,  
Seque suo flagrans igne rubescet acer ;  
Suave nitens frustra solis diadema novabit  
Seminis orbiculo spicula fulva suo,  
Multus et aestivo ditabit thure dianthus  
Lene susurrantes, munus inane, notos.  
Ignotus domino curret per pascua rivus,  
Visus arenosas increpuisse moras.  
Sive die medio, seu circa tardius astrum  
Arctoum plaustri stella minoris eat ;  
Sive nemus praeter ventosum lapsus inundet  
Ardeolae gratos ille crecique locos ;  
Seu lunae radios in tela argentea findat,  
Dum super incurvos navigat illa sinus ;

Till from the garden and the wild  
A fresh association blow,  
And year by year the landscape grow  
Familiar to the stranger's child;

As year by year the labourer tills  
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;  
And year by year our memory fades  
From all the circle of the hills.

*In Memoriam, c.*

Donec Mnemosyne tesquis hortoque renascens

Reddiderit priscos in sua fana Deos,

Atque peregrinis jam consuetudine longa

Scena loci pueris visa erit esse vetus.

Rusticus interea reparans sua pensa quotannis

Vertet agros, nemorum comprimet ille vias,

Inque annum toto clivorum ex orbe recedet

Jam minor heu ! nostrae fama minorque domus.

T. E. K.



RIVULET crossing my ground,  
And bringing me down from the Hall  
This garden-rose that I found,  
Forgetful of Maud and me,  
And lost in trouble and moving round  
Here at the head of a tinkling fall,  
And trying to pass to the sea ;  
O Rivulet, born at the Hall,  
My Maud has sent it by thee  
(If I read her sweet will right)  
On a blushing mission to me,  
Saying in odour and colour, 'Ah, be  
Among the roses to-night!'

*Maud*, xx.

## XXXII.

EN! tua qui nostros percurris, rivule, fines,  
Phyllidos ex horto detulit unda rosam;  
Hanc equidem inveni oblitam dominaeque meique,  
Hic ubi fit strepitus desilientis aquae.  
Flos se perpetuos frustraolvebat in orbes,  
Si jungi aequoreis forte daretur aquis.  
Rivule qui felix ex isto nasceris horto,  
Hanc mihi misit aquis Phyllis amata tuis;  
Haec mihi nuntia adest, et fert, simul ore rubescens,  
Ni fallor, dominae dulcia jussa meae;  
Et 'pete', purpureus color hoc mihi signat odorque,  
Dicit, 'tu notas hac pete nocte rosas'.

A. J. C.

YET think not that I come to urge thy crimes,  
I did not come to curse thee, Guinevere,  
I, whose vast pity almost makes me die  
To see thee, laying there thy golden head,  
My pride in happier summers, at my feet.  
The wrath which forced my thoughts on that fierce law,  
The doom of treason and the flaming death,  
(When first I learnt thee hidden here) is past.  
The pang—which while I weighed thy heart with one  
Too wholly true to dream untruth in thee,  
Made my tears burn—is also past, in part.  
And all is past, the sin is sinned, and I,  
Lo! I forgive thee, as Eternal God  
Forgives; do thou for thine own soul the rest.  
But how to take last leave of all I loved?  
O golden hair, with which I used to play,

## XXXIII.

NEC venio, regina, tuum, ne rere, querelis  
Ut scelus insecter, capiti aut maledicta rependam,  
Quippe mori luctus quem poene coëgerit ingens  
Ante pedes nostros te procubuisse videntem,  
Hosque, olim mihi dulce decus melioribus annis,  
Nunc turpi flavos miserantem in pulvere crines.  
Quidquid enim, ut primum te novi hac arce latere,  
Dum simul ira recens et majestatis agebat  
Effera lex laesae, damni meditabar et ignis,  
Praeteritum est; lacrymis et qui morderet acerbis  
Lumina nostra dolor, (cum nescia fallere corda  
Conferrem haec equidem et pariter te credere falsam,  
Cum, perjura, tuo,) partim discessit, et actam  
Rem loquimur, scelus expletum est, atque hanc tibi culpam,  
Ut Deus aeternus, sic nos ignoscimus ipsi.  
Ipsa tuae desint animae ne cetera, cura.  
Me tamen his, dilexi olim quocumque, valere  
Dicere in aeternum! Oh flavi quos saepe capilli  
Mulcebam ignarus! digna oh Junone figura,

Not knowing! O imperial-moulded form,  
And beauty such as woman never wore,  
Until it came a kingdom's curse with thee—  
I cannot touch thy lips, they are not mine,  
But Lancelot's: nay, they never were the King's.  
I cannot take thy hand; that too is flesh,  
And in the flesh thou hast sinn'd; and mine own flesh,  
Here looking down on thine polluted, cries  
"I loathe thee!" yet not less, O Guinevere,  
For I was ever virgin save for thee,  
My love thro' flesh hath wrought into my life  
So far, that my doom is I love thee still.  
Let no man dream but that I love thee still.  
Perchance, and so thou purify thy soul,  
And so thou lean on our fair father Christ,  
Hereafter in that world where all are pure  
We two may meet before high God, and thou  
Wilt spring to me, and claim me thine, and know  
I am thine husband—not a smaller soul,  
Nor Lancelot, nor another. Leave me that,

Et species qua non mulier fuit ulla, priusquam  
Advenit decor iste tuus, regni hujus Erinny.  
Non mihi labra licet labris tua tangere, nec sunt  
Jam mea sed Paridis; regis nunquam illa fuerunt,  
Credo equidem; nec fas jungatur dextera dextrae;  
Carnis enim, et carni culpa est tua debita, et istam  
Incestam mea casta tuens se odisse reclamat.  
Nec minus interea, thalami namque inscius omnis  
Semper eram, te praeter, amor me contudit idem  
Usque adeo, et vitae sese interniscuit ipsi,  
Carne potens, poenas ut adhuc pendamus amando;  
Id mihi sorte datum; nec enim quis inania fingens  
Crediderit primos me dedidicisse calores.  
Forsitan, et si tu, Christo patre freta benigno,  
Ablueris animae labes, ibi rursus in unum  
Qua castos perhibent omnes, clementia Summi  
Nos ante ora Dei sero venisse licebit.  
Tuque exinde virum venientem agnoscere gaudens  
Obvia prosilies, ultro confessa maritum,  
Te soli mihi deberi, non imparis umbrae,  
Non Paridi nec cuiquam alii; sperem hoc mihi saltem

I charge thee, my last hope. Now must I hence.  
Thro' the thick night I hear the trumpet blow:  
They summon me their King to lead mine hosts  
Far down to that great battle in the west,  
Where I must strike against my sister's son,  
Leagued with the lords of the White Horse and knights  
Once mine, and strike him dead, and meet myself  
Death, or I know not what mysterious doom.  
And thou remaining here wilt learn the event;  
But hither shall I never come again,  
Never lie by thy side, see thee no more:  
Farewell!

And while she grovelled at his feet  
She felt the king's breath wander o'er her neck,  
And, in the darkness o'er her fallen head,  
Perceived the waving of his hands that blest.

*Idylls of the King. Guinevere, pp. 253—5.*

Da, precor, extremum misero. Jamque, audin, eundi  
Signa canens spissam perrumpit buccina noctem,  
Me regem arcessens ducturum in bella phalanges  
Littus ad occiduum longe, pugnamque loquendam.  
Illic arma meae nato conferre sororis  
Decretum, cui junxit Equi se exercitus Albi,  
Nec non et plures Equites quondam ordine nostro;  
Illum autem hoc ictu morti dare, meque manere  
Mortem aut nescio quod non enarrabile fatum.  
Atque hic eventum referet tibi fama relictae.  
Ipse sed huc nunquam remeare, accumbere nunquam  
Te juxta, aut potero rursus vidisse: valet.

Dixerat: illa pedes amplexa miserrima Regis  
Colla viri afflatum perrepere sensit, et atra  
Insuper abjectum caput in caligine palmis  
Vibratis meliora Deum sibi poscere fata.

T. E. K.



THE mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns  
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,  
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,  
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,  
The lustre of the long convolvuluses  
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran  
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows  
And glories of the broad belt of the world,  
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen  
He could not see, the kindly human face,  
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard  
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,  
The league-long roller thundering on the reef,  
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd  
And blossomed in the zenith, or the sweep  
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,

## XXXIV.

Ast illic sylvis induti ad culmina montes,  
Saltus ubi, et multus sinuoso gramine callis  
Alta petens, instarque viae ducentis ad astra;  
Plumarum gracilis nutanti palma corona,  
Ignea rima micans volucris muscaeque volantis,  
Et longe splendens sua qui convolvulus aptat  
Vimina proceros circum longissima truncos,  
Et solo excurrrens cohibetur limite terrae,—  
Quisquis honos caeli, quaecunque est gloria rerum,  
Quotquot zona tenet mundi latissima cingens,  
Ante oculos semper: sed quod magis omnibus unum  
Conspicere ardebat, sese negat usque videri,  
Grata hominum facies aut vox cognata suorum.  
Tantum audit, celeres revolant cum ex aequore mergi,  
Clamorem innumerum, sinubusque immane volutis  
Saxa tonare graves in procurrentia fluctus;  
Arbore ab ingentique vagos capit aure susurros  
Floribus et ramis undante sub aëre summo,  
Praecipitem aut lapsum rivi properantis ad aequor,

As down the shore he ranged, or all day long  
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,  
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail;  
No sail from day to day, but every day  
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts  
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;  
The blaze upon the waters to the east;  
The blaze upon his island overhead;  
The blaze upon the waters to the west;  
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,  
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again  
The scarlet shafts of sunrise—but no sail.

*Enoch Arden*, pp. 32, 33.

Littore dum premeret vestigia lenta, diesve  
Saepe per integros, specula convallis in alta,  
Unde patent late Oceani convexa, sedebat,  
Nauta ratem exspectans deserta naufragus ora.  
Jamque, die trudente diem, ratis aequore vasto  
Nulla aderat; sed quaque die redeunte resurgit  
Coccinea Aurorae diffractum in spicula lumen,  
Trans filices palmaeque comas praeruptaque saxa;  
Splendor inardescens Orienti a parte per undas,  
Splendor ubi recto calet insula tota sub aestu,  
Splendor in occiduis ardescens rubrius undis;  
Tum quae magna globis claro stant sidera caelo,  
Altius Oceanus reboans, et spicula rursus  
Coccinea Aurorae; velum sed in aequore nullum.

H. W. S.

BUT thou, O thou that killest, had'st thou known,  
O thou that stonest, had'st thou understood  
The things belonging to thy peace and ours!  
Is there no prophet but the voice that calls  
Down upon kings, or in the waste, 'Repent'?  
Is not our own child on the narrow way,  
Who down to those that saunter in the broad  
Cries 'Come up hither,' as a prophet to us?  
Is there no stoning save with flint and rock?  
Yes, as the dead we weep for testify—  
No desolation but by sword and fire?  
Yes, as your moanings witness, and myself  
Am lonelier, darker, earthlier for my loss.

## XXXV.

TUQUE ferox, amens, et tanti funeris auctor,  
Qui caedis non ense tuos; utinam ante saluti  
Discere quodque tuae licuisset et utile nostrae!  
Num vox sola Dei dicit quae fata tyrannis,  
Aut vocat infidas ad sera piacula gentes  
Pulvere deserto reboans? non nostra propago,  
Angustum virtutis iter quae servat, et infra  
Lato cessantes illuc vocat ire parentes,  
Vaticinata sat est? silicesne aut saxa terendam  
Sunt opus in mentem? solove superbia ferro  
Aut flammis miseros scit desolare Penates?  
Vos cari manes quos jam lugemus, et istos  
Qui mihi consurgunt gemitus, me denique testor  
Ipsum etiam, mihi qui videar post damna relictus  
Haec magis, et defixus humi, obmersusque tenebris.

Give me your prayers, for he is past your prayers,  
Not past the living fount of pity in heaven.  
But I that thought myself long-suffering, meek,  
Exceeding "poor in spirit"—how the words  
Have twisted back upon themselves, and mean  
Vileness, we are grown so proud—I wish'd my voice  
A rushing tempest of the wrath of God  
To blow these sacrifices thro' the world—  
Sent like the twelve-divided concubine  
To inflame the tribes: but there—out yonder—earth  
Lightens from her own central Hell—O there  
The red fruit of an old idolatry—  
The heads of chiefs and princes fall so fast,  
They cling together in the ghastly sack—  
The land all shambles—naked marriages

Pro nobis, orate pii; non talibus ille  
Nunc eget auxiliis; illum fons vivus amoris  
Forsan et excipiet summi indulgentia Patris.  
Ipse autem qui me fortunam aequare ferendo  
Posse, nec accendi rebar vel laesus ad iras—  
Verba retorta quidem, nec quae sibi nobile quicquam  
Sed jam vile volunt, ea nostra superbia—tanta  
Voce loqui optabam, praerupto turbine quanta  
Intonat irati tempestas nuntia caeli,  
Hasque duas totum caedes efflare per orbem;  
Haud secus ac quondam Syrias quum missa per urbes  
Divisa in partes pellex ter quatuor iret  
Accensura tribus. Nec majus defuit omen.  
En! ubi jam mediis, tanquam Phlegethonte refuso,  
Tellus Tartareos eructat faucibus ignes,  
Longa superstitio veterisque insania fastus  
Supplicium messemque dedit scelerata cruentam.  
Stricta ducum procerumque ruentia pulvere colla!  
Scilicet in tetris capiti caput haeret acervis.  
Caede fluit tellus; tum corpora nuda coruscant  
Ponte excussa, viri, atque inhonesta compede nuptae,



Flash from the bridge, and ever murder'd France,  
By shores that darken with the gathering wolf,  
Runs in a river of blood to the sick sea.  
Is this a time to madden madness then?  
Was this a time for these to flaunt their pride?  
May Pharaoh's darkness, folds as dense as those  
Which hid the Holiest from the people's eyes  
Ere the great death, shroud this great sin from all!  
Doubtless our narrow world must canvass it:  
O rather pray for those and pity them,  
Who thro' their own desire accomplish'd bring  
Their own gray hairs with sorrow to the grave—  
Who broke the bond which they desir'd to break,  
Which else had link'd their race with times to come—  
Who wove coarse webs to snare her purity,  
Grossly contriving their dear daughter's good—  
Poor souls, and knew not what they did, but sat  
Ignorant, devising their own daughter's death!  
May not that earthly chastisement suffice?  
Have not our love and reverence left them bare?  
Will not another take their heritage?

Conjugium infandum ! dum Gallia clade diurna  
Usque trucidatur, nigrescentesque per oras,  
Tanta nube lupi coeunt ; it rivus in altum  
Sanguinis ; aegrescunt obsceno gurgite fluctus.  
Hoccine tempus erat stimulos adhibere furori,  
Aut jaćtare genus ? nox, nox scelus illud obumbret,  
(Quamvis nostra suos memoret vicina casus)  
Quanta Pharon vel quanta crucem, ne tale videret  
Plebs Solymaea nefas, Christo moriente, tegebat !  
His tamen his fletum atque preces date munera, quorum  
Canitiem, auditis non aequo numine votis,  
Luctus et ultrices ducunt in funera curae.  
Hi rumpi jussere fidem, et quae solvere cordi  
Federa solverunt, quae si servata fuissent  
Cum proavis poterant seros junxisse nepotes.  
Heu caecae mentes jejunaque corda ! pudorem  
Turpibus illecebris natae irretire parentes  
Sic ausi, falsaue salutis imagine capti  
Virginis ignarâ mortem pietate parabant.  
Et sat erunt forsán tot fata exhausta sub auris  
Aspera. Nonne manent inamata inhonoraque nobis  
Nomina ? divitias nonne advena sumet avitas ?

Will there be children's laughter in their hall  
For ever and for ever, or one stone  
Left on another, or is it a light thing  
That I their guest, their host, their ancient friend,  
I made by these the last of all my race  
Must cry to these the last of theirs, as cried  
Christ ere His agony to those that swore  
Not by the temple but the gold, and made  
Their own traditions God, and slew the Lord,  
And left their memories a world's curse—"Behold  
Your house is left unto you desolate"?

*Aylmer's Field*, pp. 89—92.

Num puer in patria ridebit parvulus aula  
Unquam iterum? Saxove haerebit in aggere saxum?  
Aut nihil est quod et ipse vetus conviva, sodalis,  
Quem superesse meis una jam sorte dederunt  
Qua sese superesse suis, hos alloquar isdem  
Queis Christus turbam, magno veniente dolore.  
Vocibus insecuit, cui non ipsa ara, sed aurum  
Religio fuit apta loci, quae mystica noto  
Plus habuit commenta Deo, Dominumque necavit,  
Semper et horrendam populis se tradidit, "Ecce!  
Vestra domus vobis orba et deserta relicta est."

T. E. K.

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,  
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,  
Man comes and tills the fields and lies beneath,  
And after many a summer dies the swan.  
Me only cruel immortality  
Consumes; I wither slowly in thine arms,  
Here at the quiet limit of the world,  
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream  
The ever silent spaces of the East,  
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn.  
Alas! for this gray shadow, once a man—  
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,  
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd  
To his great heart none other than a God!  
I ask'd thee, 'Give me immortality.'  
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,  
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.  
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,

## XXXVI.

ARBOREUS marcescit honos et gloria silvae;  
Illabuntur humo effusis lacrymantia nimbis  
Nubila; telluris cultor tellure sepultus  
Vixit homo, tandemque aetas finitur oloris.  
Unum me (infandum!) crudeli tabe perennis  
Vita terit, qui cana tuis amplexibus haerens  
Jamdudum in tacitis naturae finibus umbra  
Marcidus aegrescam, nocturnaue qualis imago  
Eöos tractus et vasta silentia lustrem,  
Lateque undantes nebulas atque atria Solis.

Eheu! canentem pereo mutatus in umbram  
Olim ego laudandus forma clarisque hymenaeis,  
Diva, tuis, fidens animis et pectore celso  
Ipsis ascriptum Superis qui me esse putabam.  
Tu mihi concedas (dixi), sit vita perennis.  
Tum larga qualis locuples vir munera donat  
Ampla manu, voto arrisisti victa precantis.  
Ast indignantes iris ultricibus horae

And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,  
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd  
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,  
Immortal age beside immortal youth,  
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,  
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now  
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,  
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears  
To hear me? Let me go: take back thy gift:  
Why should a man desire in any way  
To vary from the kindly race of men,  
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance  
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes  
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.  
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals  
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,  
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.  
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,  
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,

Instabant, corpusque meum vis nescia flecti  
Foedabat semper, consumebatque terendo.  
Ergo morte carens vivaci semper et aeger  
Usque tibi adsisto, aeternaeque aeterna juvenae  
Addita canities, nostri cinis una superstes.  
Numquid amor tuus aut tantum tua forma repensat?  
Praevia jam quamvis taeda propiore feratur  
Stella tui, tremulisque tuis, quos nostra rigari  
Vox cogit lacrymis, argentea vibret ocellis?  
Discedam, liceat, tuque haec tua dona resumas.  
Cur hominum quis enim geniali sorte suorum  
Vel minimo distare gradu, metamve requirat  
Vivendo superare ratam, qua sit sua cuique  
Denique conficienda via, ut mortalibus aequum?

En molli flatu nubes aperitur, et illa  
Tellus in mediis natalis cernitur umbris;  
En! iterum purae fronti purisque lacertis,  
Quodque tibi fervet renovato sanguine pectus,  
Mystica surrepunt dubiae primordia lucis.  
Jamque illucescit tenebris divina genarum  
Purpura, jamque meis propriis tua lumina dulci



Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team  
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise,  
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,  
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.  
Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful  
In silence; then before thine answer given  
Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek.  
Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,  
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,  
In days far off, on that dark earth, be true?  
'The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts.'

*Tithonus.*

Paullatim ardescunt radio, dum caeca recedant  
Sidera, et effreni cupido juga ducere collo  
Solis equi properent, sparso mox crine jubarum  
Nigras excussuri umbras, fugiensque citatis  
Nox pulsata rotis colluceat undique flamma.  
En! sic assueto tu lumine pulchra renidens  
Usque silens, vocesque negas abitura referre  
Vocibus, et fletus tuus in mea labitur ora.  
Cur istis lacrymis turbas mea pectora semper?  
Cur timuisse jubes, ne jam vox illa probetur  
Quam caligantis didici quondam incola terrae—  
Munera dis ipsis revocandi est nulla potestas.

W. J. B.

## XXXVII.

## VERSIO ALTERA.

SILVA heu ! marcescit, marcescit silva caditque ;  
Stillando pereunt lachrymarum nubila pondus ;  
Nascitur, et terram colit in terraque sepultus  
Dormit homo, tandemque aestas venit ultima cycno.  
Solus ego aeternum crudeli conteror aevo,  
Amplexuque tuo placida ad confinia mundi  
Lentus inaresco, nocturnae et imaginis instar  
Canus et umbra viri per tractus fessus Eöos,  
Regna vagor tacita, in longos sinuata recessus  
Nubila, lucentesque domos, penetralia solis.  
Qualis eram nunc canam eheu ! mutatus in umbram,  
Qualis eram, formaque tuoque insignis amore,  
Qui magnis fidens animis, dignusque cubili,  
Diva, tuo, Superis par ipsis esse videbar.  
Expetii sine fine dies : tu vota precantis,

Qualis vir locuples securus munera donat,  
Ridens audisti; ast iris ultricibus Horae  
Me domuere tuae, quemque occidisse nequibant  
Foedarunt macie, consumpseruntque terendo;  
Mancus ut aeternae traherem ante ora juventae  
Saecula, canities aeternae aeterna juventae  
Juncta comes, quodque ipse fui cinis una superstes.  
An tua forma potest et amor mulcere dolentem?  
Quamvis stella tui propius jam praevia taeda  
Desuper argentea tremulos illustret ocellos  
Quos facit assiduo mea vox humescere fletu.

A. J. C.

FAIR is her cottage in its place,  
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly glides.  
It sees itself from thatch to base  
Dream in the sliding tides.

And fairer she, but ah how soon to die !  
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease.  
Her peaceful being slowly passes by  
To some more perfect peace.

*Enoch Arden etc. A Requiem.*

XXXVIII.

LATUS ubi lapsu fluuius subrepat amaeno

Ille, vides, lentas stat casa propter aquas,  
Pulchra loco; nec se devector in flumine cessat

A fundo ad calamos usque videre suos,  
Somnia ducenti similem; sed pulchrior illa

Incola post parvas heu! moritura moras.  
Quot sibi jam nectat fallentis somnia vitae

Pellere, quae nunc it, dum loquor, hora potest.  
Labitur illa silens nactura silentius olim

Littus et aeternas, fons ubi pacis, aquas.

T. E. K.

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## SECTION I.

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